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The door-bell rang during the evening shift. It wasn't Friday, so it couldn't be the nice young man from the pharmacy with Leon's "meds." I thought it was one of the client's friends, usually a client too, from one of the other group homes in the neighborhood. There already were quite a few Emile Durkheim Houses, but I always seemed to be hearing about new ones opening up. Another agency had purchased the mansion across the street for two million dollars.

We were all agents of the government. The manager was confident that we represented the future. She had only to refer me to her special computer program that calculated the millions Emile Durkheim House saved society for every day that every client was a tenant in the House as opposed to a patient in the Hospital, and I was convinced that we were at once as artificial and unnecessary as anything else that was man-made and as inevitable as a force of nature. I only wondered how we'd ever avoid living in such a place ourselves. Well, there was one way.

I answered the door as was my duty, but it wasn't one of their friends but one of mine. Like Adam's wife, Joe hadn't been able to find work in computing.

I hadn't seen him since I told him I never wanted to see him again. That was because he wouldn't let me rub his back. I'd